

# An ELEGY

On the Right Honourable

Anthony Earl of Shaftsbury,

Who dyed on the 21<sup>st</sup>. of January, 1683.

**T**He busie Statesmen who by Toyls unblest,  
Torment themselves to give their Country Rest,  
Those publick Great First-movers of the State,  
Who almost turn the Mighty Wheels of Fate,  
Roul the vast Stone like *Sisyphus* in vain;  
Whilst Deaths last Call ends a whole Ages Pain.  
The Graves long *Rubicon* must all pass o're,  
Whence launching *Cæsars* can return no more.

Farewell, Great *Shaftsbury*! Times Sythe can stretch  
Where Malice, Sword, and Axes ne'er could reach.  
Thy Life, great Statesman, stood in Fate so high,  
That thou by nought but Heav'n's own Hand couldst  
Yes, Heaven alone compiles thy Funeral-Urn: [die.  
Less than the Sun the *Phoenix* shall not burn.

What did wise *Solon*, or *Lycurgus* do?  
*Lycurgus* dy'd, like Thee, an Exile too.  
And whilst proud *Belgia* thy Bones Entombs,  
And triumphs at the Glory it assumes,  
*Belgia*, who in thy Fate has now done more  
Than all her *Trumps* or *Opdams* could before.  
*Belgia* has vanquish'd more in thy one Grave,  
Than all the Wounds her Thunder ever gave.  
Sleep then thou Activ'st of Mankind: Oh make  
Thy last low Bed, and Deaths long *Requiem* take;  
Thou who whilst living kept'st the World awake.  
Oh may thy Funeral-Rites walk that large round,  
Till to thy Western-shore thy loss resound;  
Till *Carolina* shall in Mourning stand,  
With all the Cypress of a VVidow'd Land.  
Let Fools and Knaves through their false Opticks find  
Thy Spots, and be to all thy Brightness blind.  
Let Envy all her monstrous Forms suggest,  
And lodge the Raven in the Eagles Nest.  
Let 'em rail on, and vent their hurtless Gall,  
VVhilst *Shaftsbury's* Renown surmounts 'em all.  
From his clear Fame the dissolv'd Clouds shall throw,  
And leave the Earthly Vapours all below.  
Yes, Mighty Man, lay thy great Reliques down,  
Thou Idol of the Croud, Dread of the Crown;  
*Shaftsbury* in popular Arts and Harts so learn'd  
As with his VVeight the Scale of Nations turn'd:  
To him the Kingdoms Genius bended low;  
The Thrones best Friend, or formidablest Foe.

If the best Gifts which the kind Stars dispense,  
The highest Prodigies of VVit and Sense,  
For Immortality Foundations lay;  
No Greater Soul e're lodg'd in Walls of Clay.  
Swiftly his restless Orb of Fire went round,  
And light and warmth we from his Influence found.  
His kindest Rays and temperate Heat  
The Protestants still-favour'd Climates met:  
There his best Aspect smil'd; whilst *Rome* alone  
Felt all the Fury of his Torrid Zone.

This was the Cause did such great Foes engage  
VVith such keen Malice, and such Mortal Rage.  
For this so high the *Roman* Vengeance boils  
VVith Fires more hot than their old *Smithfield*-piles.  
But Heavens kind Call has all their Engines crost,  
Heav'n that has lodg'd thee on that safer Coast,  
VVhence thou look'st down and seest thy Mighty  
[Hunters lost.

## EPI T A P H.

**U**nder this Stone does Sleeping lye  
All that was Earth of *Shaftsbury*.  
But Funeral-Tears and Weeping Eyes  
Infallibility denies.  
Whilst his wish'd Death's enough to be  
The Subject of a Jubilee.  
A more sworn Foe to Roman Pride  
Not Hannibal himself e're dy'd.  
For which his Deathless Fame below,  
His Soul above--- His Soul--- Ah, no!  
From Heav'n's lock'd out too sure, if they  
Who succeed Peter keep the Key.  
Doom'd to Hell's hottest burning Seat,  
If the Popes Curse can do the Feat.  
If Papal Rage and Roman Spight  
For any but themselves Hell-fire can light.

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# An ELEGY

On the Death of (the much to be lamented)

Anthony K. of Poland.

**T**He busie *Toney*, who by Toil unblest  
Tortments himself, to break his Countreys Rest;  
Who, ceasing to be Engineer of State,  
Turn'd Rogue, yet could not turn the Wheels of Fate:  
Like *Sisyphus*, he rowls his Stone in vain;  
Death plucks his *Tap*, and ends his PLOTS and Pain.  
The Graves long *Pampus* Rebels must pass o're;  
Thence restless Raskals can return no more.

Wretch of 3 Names farwel! Thy Deaths kind stretch,  
Secures Thee from the Sword and Axes reach;  
Thy Life, Old *Tricker*, stood in Fate so high,  
That Hang-man's hand was fit to make Thee die;  
Yes, Hang-man only frames Thy Funeral Urn:  
Less man than Hang-man Traytors shall not burn.

What did Old *Solon* and *Lycurgus* do?  
They went to *Amsterdam*, and died too.  
Whilst *Belgick Boor* Thee and Thy *Tap* Entombs,  
And triumphs in the Brandy he assumes;  
*Boor*, who (in burying Thee) hath done much more,  
Than *Trump* or *Opdam*, who were dead before;  
*Boor*, with bright Spade, does more in Thy one Grave,  
Than in all Graves that his bright Spade e'r gave.  
Trick on, trick on, thou *Will-with-Wiss!* now make  
New Broils in Hell, and never *Requiem* take,  
With *Plots* and *Poperie* keep the Devil awake.  
May Thy tormented Ghost walk a large round,  
And its deserved Punishment resound,  
Till *Carolina* shall agast stand,  
Mourning *Kid-napper*, who supply'd her Land:  
Let partial *Whigs*, through their false Opticks, find  
Thy Worth, and ever be, like Thee, half blind.  
Let Factious Varlets monstrous forms suggest;  
Such Ravens shall never croak i'th' Eagles Nest:  
Rail on, *Phanaticks*, vent your envious Gall,  
Your *Toney's* Tapping Arts have spoil'd ye all;  
From *Meeting-house* dissolved *Tubs* shall throw,  
And sneaking *Tubster* send to th' Room below:  
Yes, *Mousetrap-man*, Thy rotten Loins lay down;  
Seducer of the Rabble, scorn o'th' Crown;  
In Treach'rous Arts and Trayt'rous Hearts so learn'd,  
His weight all hands of Whimsey-boards still turn'd:  
To him *Rebellion's* Genius bended low;  
The Thrones Friend, when at th' Helm, when not, its Foe.

If the worst gifts *Malignant Stars* dispense,  
If mis-applied strength of Wit and Sense,  
For lasting Infamy Foundations lay,  
No greater Kn--- was ever cloath'd in Clay;  
His restless Orb of Shams went swiftly round,  
And none but Raskals his kind Influence found:  
His gentler Rays, and Life-creating heat,  
The Land of *Whigs* and *Betty Morris* met:  
Th' unthinking Crowd he courted, and alone  
He dreamt to domineer i'th' *British* Zone.

But, lost in his own Maze, he doth engage,  
VVith eager Malice, and with lasting rage;  
His Brain more hot than Copper-kettle boils,  
In Shops of Cooks about *Py-corner*-Piles.  
But Hells kind Call hath all his Consults crost;  
Hell, that hath plac'd him on a fiery Coast;  
Through glasse he peeps, and sees his Tricks and Trick-  
[ers lost.]

## EPI T A P H.

**U**nder this Stone doth rotting lie  
All th' Devil has left of S--- y:  
No Funeral Tears, nor weeping Eyes  
The melting Sisterhood denies;  
Whilst Mine-heer thinks his Death to be  
A joyful Brandy-Jubilee.  
A firmer Friend to PLOTS and Pride  
In Holland heretofore ne'r dy'd;  
For which His Odious Name below,  
His Soul's above in Heaven. Oh no!  
It found no Lodging there, if He  
Speak Truth who always kept the Key:  
Adjudg'd to sit i'th' hottest Seat,  
The little Guest will do some Feat;  
And a fresh Fire in Hell will light,  
To entertain the wand'ring *Salamanca-Wight*.